

# THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"VISITING EVERY FLOWER WITH LABOUR MEET,  
AND GATHERING ALL ITS TREASURES, SWEET BY SWEET."

VOL. II.....NEW SERIES.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1813.

[NO. 10.]

## The Intelligent Traveller ;

OR,  
HUMAN NATURE DISPLAYED.

(Continued.)

NEVER was confusion more strongly marked than in the countenance of Pompous and his crest-fallen help mate, when lord Dashwood opened the carriage door and addressed the party as total strangers whom he had never seen before. Our vehicle was, however, no sooner lightened of its burden than the wheels were unclosed, and upon re-entering it, the lawyer observed, that "warm friendships soon cool! For who," continued he, addressing himself to me, "would have believed his lordship and our fellow travellers had been old acquaintance?"

"The belief or disbelief of a satirical person can be of very little consequence, I assure you Sir," retorted the lady, "yet I should be sorry to impress the company with an unfavourable opinion of me, and, therefore, I beg leave to say, there has been a little dispute about tythes between his lordship and my husband, which was the occasion of their not speaking; is it not so my dear?"

A placid nod gave assent to this palpable falsehood, and a silence for some minutes prevailed, when the lawyer enquired whether I did not think it shameful females were not allowed to plead at the bar? "For the ingenuity of their invention," continued he, "surpasses credibility: why, if Erskine was put in competition with them, he would appear a mere fool!"

"Insolent puppy!" rejoined Mrs. Pompous, with an asperity of manner scarcely to be conceived; then, casting a fiery glance upon the young lady opposite, she exclaimed, "Emily, what is the reason you do not espouse the cause of your sex? You are not often so mealy-mouthed, and can defend those to whom you are partial with as much ability as Erskine himself."

"You forget, my dear Madam, having commanded me to observe silence," replied the young lady, in one of those sweet and attractive voices that touch the very chords of the heart. "Oh, Miss, you are wonderfully obedient all of a sudden, and I wish I may find you so in things of greater concern," retorted the amiable creature in a voice elevated to the highest pitch.

"Has that young lady the misfortune to have lost the organ of hearing, ma'am?" enquired the attorney in a dubious tone. "I wish you had lost the organ of speech, with all my heart, or that I was not exposed to your impertinence; yet it serves me right—it is a proper punishment for my folly in having degraded myself by associating with such an upstart puppy."

A smile of contempt, accompanied by a profound bend of the body, was the silent reply given to this elegant speech; and the supposed lawyer and myself entered into an interesting

conversation, which confirmed me in the opinion that he was not only a well-educated, but a well-informed gentleman. I say supposed lawyer, for upon the coach driving into the Talbot, a most elegant equipage was standing in the yard, and two servants, in splendid liveries, instantly flew towards our despised vehicle, and opening the door said—"My Lady has been waiting, Sir Edward, nearly an hour and a quarter."

"Put my dressing clothes into the travelling trunk," replied Sir Edward, giving the green bag to one of the footmen, then turning to me, he said, "Will you do me the honour of walking into the apartment which Lady Montague occupies, and take some refreshment, whilst the horses are changing?" and without noticing the alarmed looks of Pompous, or his precious help-mate, he jumped out of the coach.

I was too much amused by this adventure not to avail myself of Sir Edward's invitation, who inwardly enjoyed the embarrassment he had occasioned, and declared he would give twenty guineas if he could have accompanied his agreeable companion another stage, for the purpose of witnessing the humility she would display upon discovering the rank he held in life. From Lady Montague I discovered that the Baronet made a frequent practice of travelling in a stage; and for the pleasure of having his station misapprehended, constantly took with him a green bag, which, he declared, had afforded him a greater fund of entertainment than the celebrated Joe Millar's Jest.

The waiter soon announced the coach in readiness, and upon re-entering it, my ears were assailed by a most animated matrimonial dispute between old Pompous and his refined spouse.

"Yes, yes, you have made a pretty kettle of fish of it, that must be acknowledged," rejoined the reverend gentleman, in reply to some observation his wife had made; "for I tell ye Sir Edw Montague and his lordship are just like brothers, and through your vile tongue I shall lose a valuable living."

"This gentleman, perhaps," rejoined the now condescending Mrs. Pompous, "will be kind enough to make an apology for me to Sir Edward." "Apology, indeed!" muttered the incensed husband, "Did you not call him an upstart puppy?—language which you ought to blush at; but when your tongue was once in motion, stop it who can?"

"You had better stop your's, I promise you; or I'll throw my parasol at your head. I can tell you, Sir, I would not suffer myself to be treated in this manner even by the Prince of Wales! You ungrateful wretch! does not my property support you? Have you a penny to maintain yourself, but the produce of your trumpery curacy?" "For heaven's sake, my dear father, drop the subject," said the agitated Emily, bursting into tears. "No, Miss, he shall not drop the subject for your orders. What, would you have him meanly stoop to his cradle?" "God forbid, Ma'am; he stoops too much already without condescending to the wishes

of his daughter," replied the amiable girl, with a degree of spirit, which, I confess, delighted me to hear.

"Why you insolent minx! do you know, Miss, I am your mother? How dare you then to forget the duty of a child?" "Would you, Madam, but teach me with the affection of a parent, you would never have reason to complain of disrespect; but when I contrast your conduct with that of my dear departed mother, my feelings sometimes conquer my prudence."

By way of giving a turn to a conversation truly distressing, I observed that Sir Edward had merely considered the lady's satirical remarks as a joke; adding, that I was persuaded he would never think of representing what had passed that morning to Pompous's patron. This declaration produced the effect I wished it. The lady had the condescending goodness to acknowledge herself in the wrong, and the astonished husband extended the olive branch: a mutual conciliation passed between them; and, stretching his hand towards his amiable daughter, he said, "Dry up your tears, my good girl."

Harmony having been restored by my asserting, that Sir Edward appeared to be of too liberal a disposition to report any conversation that might be injurious to the interest of a fellow-creature, nothing particular occurred, until the vehicle stopped at the foot of a high hill, merely to water the horses, and give them a little rest before they encountered additional fatigue.

A young woman, with a neat basket filled with a variety of little nick-nacks, such as housewives, pin-cushions, and pocket-books, instantly approached the carriage, and opening the door, intreated the passengers to purchase some of the articles. Though her countenance was remarkably handsome, yet it wanted those softening touches which render female loveliness irresistible; and whilst recommending the different articles, it struck me, she spoke in a voice that was feigned. Accidently glancing my eye towards Emily, I observed her face overspread with a vermilion hue, and taking a small pocket-book which the pedlar strongly recommended, she drew out her purse.

"What do you want with that trumpery baubles?" enquired her accomplished mother-in-law; "you are never easy but when spending your money, and I am sure your old one will last you many months." "But this is so cheap, Madam," rejoined Emily, "the good woman only asks half-a-crown." "Half-a-crown indeed! yes, I say half-a-crown for such trumpery! I tell ye, mistress, she shan't give no more than a shilling; and so if you don't like to take the money, shut the coach door and budge."

"Well, Madam, as the young lady seems to have set her heart upon it," rejoined the pretended pedlar, "I wish not to disappoint her; though I assure you, upon my honour, it cost me double the sum."

"Oh! a fig for the honour of a young woman who can go tramping about the country as you do!" rejoined Mrs. Pompous; "but



some how or other I think, girl, I've seen you before:" gazing upon her with a look that brought a glow of crimson in her face, whilst Emily was obliged to have recourse to a violent fit of coughing, to conceal an agitation, which if observed, must have disclosed the stratagem which *Love* had invented; for I plainly perceived a letter in the pocket-book, which this pretended female had so strongly recommended.

As the carriage drove off, I could not avoid reflecting upon the folly parents are guilty of, who bring up their children with that degree of severity which gives rise to deceit; and it immediately struck me, that Mrs. Pompous had alluded to this lover, when she observed, "Oh Miss! you are wonderfully obedient all of a sudden; and I wish I may find you so in things of greater concern." Without appearing to notice the young lady, I carefully observed her actions; and perceiving her endeavouring to take the letter from the pocket-book, I maliciously requested to look at it. The paper was however gone, and concealed under a pocket-handkerchief, which had been placed conveniently in her lap; and upon receiving the book, I exclaimed, "Why, you have stolen its dearest treasure!" the casket is actually robbed of its gem."

(To be continued.)

FROM THE OLD WOMAN.

(Continued from our last.)

*Mopsa* was reckoned a beauty. She was tolerably well educated, not ill connected, and besides had a small fortune. But she was vain and ambitious; and destitute of a heart; time-serving, and arrogant, by turns, as it best suited her purpose. Before she was twenty, she had, however, from her personal attractions, received some good offers, and having no predilections, she encouraged them all equally, particularly as neither were sufficient to gratify her views of aggrandizement. It was a maxim with her, that she would rather ride in a coach with a person old enough to be her grandfather, than walk on foot with the finest gentleman in England. On account of her family, she was introduced to the acquaintance of some grandees in her neighbourhood. At the house of one, was a gentleman about sixty-five, who had just buried his second wife; but who possessed the invaluable recommendation of an ample fortune and a splendid equipage. He saw *Mopsa*, and loved or rather fancied he loved. She too loved his estate and his style of living. He was not long before he made his wishes known to her; and the lady, without reluctance, listened to his proposals. A large jointure, and a considerable annual sum in pin-money, were the price of *Mopsa's* person. These were secured with all the formalities of law. The widower received his bargain, and *Mopsa*, having gained all she wished, never thought about his credit or his happiness. Considering herself as elevated by fortune above vulgar censure, she was prudent and virtuous, only because it appeared dangerous to tempt her. But she soon became tired of living in the same house with her dotard, and she made his situation so completely disagreeable, that he was glad to consent to a partial separation. That is, when she lived in the country house, he was to live in the town house, and *vice versa*. Death soon relieved *Mopsa* from her conjugal engage-

ments, and her husband from the torment of such a wife. She now married a gentleman who had sighed for her in vain, when a virgin; and he retaliated the ill usage he had personally received, and revenged the injuries she had done to her former husband. In proportion as she was ill treated, she became fond, and she died of a broken heart, because she discovered proofs of her husband's infidelity.

*Julia* was the daughter of a clergyman, and was brought up in all that strict propriety of behaviour which became her situation. Her mother was an excellent manager, and her father an excellent scholar; and she profited by the instructions of both to the full. Her fortune, however, was limited; and her parents, though indulgent, found it difficult to support her in a stile equal to her wishes, and indeed to their own. She was early noticed by a young gentleman of the same parish, who, though uncultivated, possessed a good heart, and a fortune far superior to her own. She did not dislike him; her parents sanctioned the acquaintance which was likely to lead to a permanent connection; and for a couple of years, the young people and their respective families, seemed mutually happy in the prospect before them.

About this time the squire of the parish, as the principal landowner is usually stiled, having come of age, made a visit to his estate; and being received at the parsonage during his temporary sojourn in the neighbourhood, had an opportunity of seeing *Julia*, and in a short time professed himself her admirer. To do her justice, she did not appear to be much flattered by this preference; and though she felt no ardent attachment to her original lover, she valued and esteemed him, and therefore was unwilling to listen to the addresses of the squire. But her parents, who ought to have approved the motives by which she was actuated, ceased not to encourage the pretension of her new lover; and in order to shew her duty rather than her love, she was obliged to give up her yeoman, who generously declared he would not stand in the way of her happiness, if she thought she could be more happy with his rival than with him. This declaration touched her heart, and awakened all her sensibility; but the commands of the authors of her being were imperious; and she wedded a man of whom she had little knowledge, and who was equally ignorant and regardless of her real merits. It was not long, however, before the charms of novelty wearing off, that her husband attached himself to a mistress whom he introduced into his house; and under the pretence of allowing his wife to visit her relations in the country, he was planning to desert her, which he carried into effect, by leaving her with a slender annual provision, and carrying his favourite to a distant part.

In these instances I have related, who, under all the circumstances of the case, could have expected to find matrimonial felicity? or that the parties should have been able, after a few months intimate union, to exclaim,

Blest state! where souls each other draw,  
Where love is liberty and law!

THERE is a deviation, which is more than habitual; when the good man has attained that state in which reflection is but a kind of mental prayer, and every object around is to him a subject of adoration, and a motive for gratitude. Praise flows from the lips of such a person like those natural melodies, to which the ear has long been accustomed, and which the voice delights to call forth.

## Variety.

DIONYSIUS,

THE tyrant of Syracuse, during the whole course of his reign, which lasted thirty-eight years, wore a brass cuirass under his robe, to protect him from assassination. He never made a speech to his people but from the top of a tower. Not daring to trust his own subjects, he formed a guard of foreigners, whose language, by great attention, he made himself master of; taking care to keep the Syracusians ignorant of it. His fear was so great, that he condemned himself to a kind of perpetual imprisonment, very seldom going abroad. Fearing to trust his head and life in the hands of a barber, he made his daughters shave him; that is, when they were very young, but as soon as they had grown up, he took the scissors and razors from them, and taught them to singe off his hair and beard with nut-shells; and at last (altho' very indolent) so great was his dread, that he would no longer rely on them, but did this office himself. He caused a large building to be erected, in the middle of which stood his bed, encompassed by a broad and deep entrenchment, with a draw-bridge passage; after he had bolted and barred his chamber-doors, he let down the bridge, that he might sleep securely. Neither his brother nor his son were allowed to come into his chamber, without changing their clothes, and being searched by the guards.

M. DE TURENNE

WHEN he accepted the command of the army, sold his own plate to clothe the troops; he would not take any thing from tradesmen on trust, for fear, he said, that if he was killed, they might lose part of what he owed them.

A neutral town (when he commanded the king's army in Germany) which thought his army was marching towards them, sent him an hundred thousand crowns, to engage him to march another way. "I cannot in conscience," says Turenne, "take your money, as I had no intention of marching through your town."

Declaration of Mr. Erskine, in a speech on the Rights of Juries.

WORTHY OF IMITATION.

"IT was the first command," said he, "and counsel of my youth, always to do what my conscience told me to be my duty, and to leave the consequences to God. I shall carry with me the memory, and I hope the practice of this parental lesson to the grave. I have hitherto followed it, and have no reason to complain that the adherence to it has been even a temporal sacrifice; I have found it on the contrary, the road to prosperity and wealth, and I shall point it out to my children."

MORAL PHENOMENA.

"THERE are persons who love to do every good but that which their immediate duty requires. There are servants who will serve every one more cheerfully than their masters. There are men who will distribute money to all except their creditors. And there are wives who will love any man better than their husbands. Duty is a familiar word, which has little effect upon an ordinary mind; and as ordi-



nary minds are in a vast majority, we have acts of generosity, valour, self-denial, and bounty, when smaller pains would constitute great virtues."—Mrs. Inchbald.

#### ON THE MUTABILITY OF FORTUNE.

THERE is nothing certain in this world but death: theory supposes, experience sometimes proves, but the latter often deceives. The fatality which constantly attends the wayward lot of mortals, is so secret in its operations, that it baffles all the penetration of men to discover it. Xerxes came to conquer Greece with such a numerous force, that his armies quite exhausted the streams in quenching their natural thirst. He covered the sea with ships, as numerous as the caterpillars which formerly infested Egypt; whence he was inflated with such a certain prospect of success, that he already considered himself as a complete master of the sea; and he commanded it to be whipped with rods, for having the insolence to mutiny tempestuously against him. But, alas! he shamefully lost so many thousand men, and such a number of ships, that he thought himself very fortunate in escaping on board a small fishing bark.

To the above fragment of Ancient History may be added what is within the recollection of almost every one in our day, the defeat and destruction of the greatest army, perhaps, that was ever collected in Modern times—for the subjugation of another State:—to answer no other than political purposes, to suit the views and determinations of the Great Napoleon and his satellites; but as Heaven has decreed, so he experienced, (and we hope he will continue to do so) that "the Battle is not to the strong," but to him that worketh righteousness and doeth the thing that is just.

#### BON MOT.

A GENTLEMAN who possessed a much larger quantity of nose, than nature usually bestows upon an individual, contrived to make it more enormous by his invincible attachment to the bottle, which also beset it with emeralds and rubies. To add to his misfortunes, this honest toper's face was somewhat disfigured by not having a regular pair of eyes; one being black, and the other of a reddish hue. A person happening once to observe, that his eyes were not fellows, congratulated him on that circumstance. The rosy gilled old tippler demanded the reason. "Because," replied the jocular genius, "if your eyes had been matches, your nose would certainly have set them in a flame, and a dreadful conflagration might have been apprehended."

#### THE FATE OF GENIUS.

Many a wise head, and many a worthy heart, are doomed to ache with the pressure of human sufferings, living in misery, and dying in obscurity and want, while the duller worms of mortality fatten on the marrow of prosperity, living to themselves alone, with minds incapable of expanding, and forbidden by sordid principles to do good and benefit mankind.—The following short, but melancholy list, proves the justness of a remark which wounds sensibility.

Plautus turned a mill; Terence was a slave; Boethius died in a gaol; Paolo Borghese had 14 different trades, yet starved with them

all. Tasso was often distressed, for five shillings; Bentivoglio, was refused admission into an hospital he had himself erected; Cervantes died of hunger; Camoens ended his days in an alms house; and Vangelus left his body to the surgeons to pay his debts, as far as it would go!

#### ENIGMA.

From a Dublin Magazine.

My years are express'd by two digits,  
Their product the months will display,  
And the square of the units exhibits  
The rest of my age to the day.

Moreover, the months, days and years,  
In arithmetic series declare,  
Whose sum, more an unit, appears  
Exactly a true, perfect square.

My age, now, in whole numbers, scan;  
But as I'm unmarried, take care  
To make me as young as you can,  
Lest I meet the dislike of the fair.

### Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1813.

#### WEEKLY RETROSPECT.

WE have nothing new this week from Europe, but an old account, by the way of Bermuda, of the taking of the city of Dantzick, as long ago as January last, by the Russians under Kutusoff. Subsequent accounts from London as late as the 12th of May, being silent on this important event, renders it very doubtful of having taken place, at least at that time.

Sunday last, the 4th, having completed the 37th anniversary of the Independence of the United States of America, the same was celebrated on Monday in this city with the usual demonstrations of joy.

On Monday was taken near the Highlands, the British smack Eagle, (used as a tender to the Poitiers) of one gun, commanded by Henry Morris, the master's mate of said ship, with William Pierce, midshipman and ten seamen. The Eagle was taken by the smack Yankee, fitted out purposely as a decoy to take her, having 45 volunteers concealed on board for the occasion; showing nothing on deck but the appearance of a market boat: under this impression, the Eagle approached the Yankee, it is said within 20 yards, when turning to leave her, after ordering her down to the Poitiers, the volunteers, at a watch word given, sprang up, and fired into her. The master's mate and one seaman were shot dead, and the midshipman (since dead) and one seaman wounded. Henry Morris, it is said, was buried with military honors on Monday at Sandy Hook, and yesterday from the City Hospital, the midshipman, Mr. Henry Price, was buried in St. Paul's Church yard, with the honours due to a brave enemy.

Early in the week news from the Northern Army under Gen. Boyd, was received in this city by the way of Albany, stating the defeat and capture of 700 regular troops, under col. Boerstler, and about 70 volunteers under major Chapin, by the British and Indians, at a place called the Beaver Dam, seven miles from Queens town. Owing to the mail's not arriving as usual from the westward at Albany, the particulars have not as yet transpired. It is said the account of this disaster was received at Washington on the 4th inst. by express from Buffalo, which states our loss to be upwards of 500 men.

The Ontario Repository states, that government has authorised the employment of the Six Nations of Indians, in the operations against Canada, and that a number of them had met at Buffalo, preparatory to going to Niagara.

Accounts from the Creek Nation of Indians say, that two prophets have arisen among them not friendly to the whites: they persuade their people they can per-

form great miracles. It is also said that the hostile part of this nation had made war on the friendly Indians and had killed a chief and three of his companions.

Several horrid murders have lately been committed by some of the Northern tribes on the inhabitants of the Western frontiers.

In our last we mentioned the taking of Hampton, by the enemy; which place, it seems, they only held a day or two and re-embarked; and afterwards pushed up James River as far as James-town, which they also left after destroying all the vessels and craft in their way. Great complaints are made of excesses committed in these expeditions; tho' we don't perceive that many lives have been lost on either side. It appears that the people of Norfolk are still under apprehensions of an attack, as the enemy it is said has received a considerable reinforcement.

The British barges have done so much damage to the coasters in the Chesapeake, Delaware, and Long-Island Sound, that a motion has been brought forward in Congress for building a number of barges or row galleys for the protection of the rivers.

The British force off New-London, remains the same as some time past, viz. the Ramilies and a frigate. Their barges continue to obstruct the coasting trade.—Five of them lately landed on the east end of Long-Island and took off nine heads of cattle.

The Shrewsbury Packet Fair Lady, Shaddock, in going from this city on Tuesday last, with about 40 passengers, upset in Spermaceti Cove—All the passengers and crew were saved except three children.

Joseph Barrs, late Capt. of the British privateer Liverpool Packet, of N. Scotia, has, we learn, been ordered into close confinement, at Portsmouth, (N. H.) by order of government, in retaliation, it is said, for the treatment by the British of Capt. William Nichols, of the Decatur, of Newburyport.

A fire broke out yesterday morning in Bancker near Catharine-street, which consumed six buildings and damaged several others.

By the Steam-boat of yesterday from Albany, it is said, that our picket guard at Fort George had been attacked by the enemy, who were repulsed with loss; that the British army were supposed to lie within 3 or 4 miles of Newark; and that 5 sail of their vessels were lying off Niagara.

The Fleet under Com. Chauncey, it is said sailed from Sackett's Harbour on the 2d July. The new ship Gen. Pike remained in port, not being yet finished; Gen. Lewis, commands the forces at Sackett's Harbour.

### Nuptial.

#### MARRIED.

By the rev. Joseph Crawford, Mr. Jesse Merritt, to Miss Harriet Hilton.

By the rev. Mr. Burk, Mr. James Coe, to Miss Eliza Lufborrow, both of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Williston, Mr. Isaac P. Whitehead, to Miss Elizabeth Kenzey,

By the same, Mr. John Burches, to Miss Amy Wright.

By the same, Mr. John Gilpin, to Miss Lydia Conn.

By the rev. Mr. Anthony Kohlman, Mr. Charles Del Vecchio, to Miss Eliza Trappan, daughter of Mr. Anthony Trappan, all of this city.

By the rev. Dr. Romeyn, Mr. William Gracie, to Miss Elizabeth Stoughton Wolcott, daughter of Oliver Wolcott, esq.

At Saybrook (Connecticut,) June 29th, by the rev. Mr. Aaron Hovey, Capt. Richard Hill, of New-York, to Mrs. Rebecca Lord, of Saybrook.

### Obituary.

#### DIED.

On Friday the 2d. inst. Mary, daughter of the rev. Joseph Willard.

After a lingering illness, Capt. James Living, in the 42d year of his age.

After a lingering illness Mr. Rinier Nack, in the 48th year of his age.

Mr. Robert Mooney, aged 26 years, the oldest surviving son of Mr. William Mooney.

On Thursday afternoon, Mrs. Susannah Stocker, aged 69 years, relict of the late Captain Hugh Stocker.



## Seat of the Muses.

### THE EVENING WALK.

ADIEU, lov'd shades, with vernal beauty crown'd,  
Free from each sordid, each ambitious care,  
Where Flora throws her various sweets around,  
And scents with rich perfumes the ambient air.

When eve with purple tints the distant grove,  
And zephyrs 'mid the spreading branches play,  
How sweet beneath the moon's pale orb to rove,  
How sweet within this rural scene to stray.

How sweet to hear, borne on the passing gale,  
The shepherds flute, as gradual sink the day;  
The notes now rising, echo thro' the vale,  
And now in pleasing softness die away.

At each dread pause, lone Philomela near,  
Renews her pleasing ever varied song,  
Which claims attention from the enraptur'd ear,  
And steals the margin of the lake along.

I would not yield this calm, this tranquil hour,  
To taste the joys bestow'd by Sol's bright ray;  
Nor would resign the fragrance of the bower,  
To share the pomp imperial domes display.

### TO THE MOON.

MOUNTED in thy silver car,  
Chaste-ey'd empress of the night;  
Hark! a wanderer from afar,  
Hails thy mild auspicious light.

Light! to Love's own votaries dear,  
Dear to Meditation's sons;  
Shades of error thou canst clear,  
Better than a thousand suns.

By thy soft religious gleam,  
Reason searches truths divine;  
Wisdom owns the inspiring beam,  
Virtue smiles to see thee shine.

I too (child of sorrow!) feel  
All thy power to soften grief;  
Which, though 'tis not thine to heal,  
Thine it is to afford relief.

By thy light alone I rove,  
Tears indulge, and as they flow,  
Learn a mystery to prove,  
Learn the luxury of woe.

Tearful eyes to heaven I turn,  
There with awe thy form I see,  
While the stars that round thee burn,  
Light me to the Deity.

Ah! 'tis He who guides their spheres,  
He too measures out my woe;  
Hence then, cease my falling tears,  
Or with resignation flow.

ANNA MARIA.

### EMILY'S TOMB.

WHEN night threw her veil o'er the sky,  
And dews fell profusely around;  
When the screech-owls repeated their cry,  
And nought cheer'd the darkness profound;

Poor Adrian would frequently pace  
The church-yard and wild with despair,  
The cold marble statue embrace,  
Of Emily, once call'd The Fair.

There oft would unburthen his mind,  
While phrenzied with anguish he'd rave;  
And load with deep sighs the rude wind,  
That howl'd o'er his Emily's Grave.

But once he rush'd forth all forlorn;  
The tempest was awfully dread;  
Yet its fury he treated with scorn,  
As it scowl'd and burst over his head.

Then heaven kindly pitied his state,  
And his troubles and sorrows to end,  
Commanded the stern hand of fate  
The wandering wretch to befriend.

A flash from the thick-clouded sky,  
Came wing'd with the Maniac's doom;  
Poor Adrian fell with a sigh,  
And sunk on his Emily's Tomb.

### ON CONSUMPTION.

Consumption hence! approach not those I love,  
For thou canst play upon the heart's best feelings  
A sad variety of hopes and fears.  
Thy flattering hand paints the poor victim's cheek  
With roses, stol'n from health's most beauteous stores,  
And give such lustre to the sinking eye,  
As love and rapture's warm emotions yield:  
Thou, while the victim bends beneath thy power,  
With the fair promise of returning health  
Veil's the expecting grave from anxious love,  
As the sly angler hides the fatal hook  
By glittering baits from his unwary prey.  
Thou bid'st the friend watch o'er thy varying hues,  
As the poor school boy, whose long-promis'd pleasure  
A threatening cloud seems ready to destroy,  
Watches each little transient gleam of sun-shine,  
And, in idea, sees returning brightness  
Beaming from partial into general splendor!  
Thou rais'st up the soul of fond anxiety,  
E'en to the highest pinnacle of hope,  
To cast it down to sorrows deepest cave.  
Death unexpected, steals upon security,  
And on thy victim lays his iron hand,  
Smiling amidst the beauty thou hast made.  
Ye, who have watch'd beside a fading friend,  
Unconscious that the blush, each feature boasted,  
Bloom'd like the night-shade with unwholesome beauty;  
Ye, who have wept, then smil'd amidst your tears,  
And chid fore-bodings which ill-founded seem'd;  
Ye, that have felt all this, and THEN been call'd  
To pay the LAST SAD TRIBUTE OF AFFECTION,  
Bear witness to the justice of the picture!

EMMA.

## Morality.

### NATURE AND ART.

NATURE, in her magnificence, her wonders, and her horrors, should be the subject of our contemplation. Human art and industry, with their ingenious exertions and beautiful effects, oftentimes claim our attention. Each, however, affords gratification to the mind, and gives rise to appropriate reflections. In the former scenes "We look through nature up to nature's God;" the sublimity of the objects before us fills our souls with sentiments of wonder and adoration, and our thoughts glance from earth to heaven; in the latter we contemplate with astonishment the fertile invention, the ingenious contrivance, and the unconquerable perseverance of man, who makes nature herself subservient to his use, and converts the rocks and mountains, the woods, the winds and waves, into means of comfort, wealth, and happiness! The excellence of his nature and the extent of his talents, rise in our estimation in proportion as we attend to his works, and we feel a conscious dignity in reflecting that providence has placed ourselves in so exalted a scale of his creatures.

### STERNE'S LEGACY.

AFTER he had been inducted to the valuable living of Coxwold, in Yorkshire, on the presentation of the late earl of Fauconberg, a poor widow, of most unblemished character, being at the point of death, expressed a wish to receive the holy sacrament in her last moments. The sentimental pastor was accordingly sent for: Sterne instantly obeyed the summons, and the solemn ceremony being ended; he said with a most benignant smile,

"what do you intend to leave me in your will for this trouble?" "Alas Sir," replied the dying woman, "I am too poor to give the smallest legacy even to my near-relations" "That excuse," cried Sterne, "shall not serve me. I must insist on inheriting your two children, and, in return for this bequest, I shall take such care of them, that they shall feel as little as possible the loss of an affectionate and worthy mother."

The woman expired, blessing the benevolent deed; and Sterne most religiously kept his promise. How few are there who approach a death-bed solicitous for such legacies!

## Anecdotes.

A school-boy reading to his master, and pronouncing every word with more than proper emphasis, had received repeated reproofs, particularly concerning the word "honor," which the master told him should be pronounced "onor," and desired him in future to drop the H. The lesson had taking up a longer time than usual, so that the master (whose breakfast had been detained till it was quite cold) was not a little vexed, and taking up the muffin, gave it to the boy, saying, "Here you little stupid blockhead! my muffin is quite cold; take it into the kitchen, and heat it." The boy was gone so long that the master's patience being exhausted, he sent for him, and the poor fellow returned with the last piece in his mouth. "What the deuce," exclaimed he, "you little monkey! you have not devoured my muffin, I hope! I told you to take it to the kitchen, and heat it"—"Yes, Sir," replied the boy, who had just swallowed his mouthful, "but you told me always to drop the H."

SOME time ago a Sailor, happened to be in a Tavern in London, when the Bells were ringing for church, asked what it was for? for church answered the landlord. I believe I'll go, replied the Sailor, but how must I behave?—You must sit down in the first vacant seat you see, and not speak until it is out. He walked up the aisle, leading to the pulpit, and seats himself along side of the clerk—who as usual, when the first part of service was over cried out Amen! "Hush! Hush! shipmate, whispered, Jack, or they will turn us both out."

### EARS BORED.

AN enthusiastic musician took lodgings, a few days ago, at a respectable silversmiths, at the west end of the town, but perceiving a notification exhibited at the window as follows—"Ears bored here," he thought it a reflection on his calling, and threatened to leave the house if it was not not removed!

### ODE TO SLEEP.

A poet asking a gentleman how he approved of his last production, "An Ode to Sleep," the latter replied, "You have done such justice to the subject, that it is impossible to read it without feeling its full weight."

## THE MUSEUM.

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